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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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WHITSUNDAY.

When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame;

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace,—
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad,—
A rushing, mighty wind.

Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by Love or Fear!

—*Keble's "Christian Year."*

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

"Our brethren have discouraged our heart."—DEUT. i. 28.

"Fathers, provoke not your children that they be not discouraged."—COL. iii. 21.

To be discouraged is to lose one's energy and vitality. When a man is discouraged he is of no use; his power has gone out of him. Therefore, the familiar lines are not far wrong which say:—

"Courage gone, all gone,
Better never have been born."

Courage is a large and noble quality, and necessary in all the relations of life. It is not merely shown in the boldness which confronts danger and is self-possessed in peril. It also is needed to face other difficulties promptly, to do one's duty cheerfully when the hope of success is small; to stand alone for the truth and right; not to be discouraged by disappointment, nor by the censures and reproofs of the hostile, nor by the indifference of the unsympathizing.

One of the passages I have read advises parents not to discourage their children. You would say beforehand, that there was not much need of that recommendation.

And yet Paul spoke from a profound insight and keen observation. Parents do not intend to discourage their children. But they sometimes do so unintentionally, by not being able to put themselves in the place of the children. Parents and teachers often imagine that all children are alike, and think that what one

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is able to do, another ought to do. But children differ in their organization, and some find it hard to accomplish what is to others easy. Nor do the children themselves understand what the difficulty is. Parents and teachers are too apt to assume that when a child does not do as he is told, or as he ought to do, he is wilfully disobedient. So they think that they ought to punish the child, or, at any rate, they show that they are offended and hurt by the child's behavior. But when the mysterious and complex chords of a child's mind are jangled and out of tune, he does not know why, but he cannot do the thing he would. I think a great many children have been discouraged because they could not learn their lessons, and were called stupid and thought themselves so, when perhaps a little pains taken by parents or friends would have tided them over the difficulty. And many have been thought obstinate and perverse when all they needed was sympathy, patience, and kindness to help them out of the transient mood of bad temper into which they had fallen. When they are discouraged they give up all attempt to do better. Do we not all remember having had just such feelings when we were children? We needed to be encouraged, not blamed.

There is no more important work in this world, no greater duty, than to help others to keep up their courage. I consider it the chief duty of the Christian pulpit to encourage those whom life discourages. I think every Sunday should inspire us with new heart for work; every sermon and act of worship renew our energy and put fresh enthusiasm into our souls for the great battle of existence. He is our best friend whose words of cheerful confidence give more life to our heart, and he is our enemy who, by his words of doubt and his spirit of fear, saps this ardor and takes from us our courage.

Perhaps you will answer: "But if the evil *is* there, why not see it? Shall we shut our eyes to the actual folly and sin of the world? Shall we deceive ourselves by rose-colored views of life, which experience will contradict? Is not the truth that which we need, no matter how discouraging it may be? Is not an unfounded or an excessive hope the very source of a greater discouragement afterward? Socrates tells us that a misanthrope is often a discouraged philanthropist, who, because he began by thinking too well of men, ends by thinking too badly of them. To see all the evil and risk beforehand is the best preparation for any enterprise, for it saves us from subsequent disappointment."

This is no doubt true. The sight of the evil and danger will make us prudent and cautious, and prevent us from being carried away by unfounded hopes and a too sanguine and credulous expectation. The most courageous general needs to know the power of his enemy.

But though the knowledge of evil is necessary to make us cautious and prudent, it is the sight of the good which gives us courage and energy to attack the evil. The inspiration which gives us power does not come from that habit of mind which dwells on evil, but on the opposite habit which loves to look at good. Not the contemplation of error and wrong, but the sight of truth and righteousness, puts strength into the heart and enables us to fight on and fight always, through evil report and good report, through success and failure, to the end. Everything great, noble, generous, and brave comes from keeping in sight this heavenly ideal, this supreme glory and beauty which descends from God into all hearts that trust him.

To work without hope is discouraging. We need the sense of progress to cheer and sustain us. To go round and round in a treadmill of mere drudgery takes our spirit out of us. Therefore we need a deeper and larger hope. We need to have faith in mental, moral, and spiritual progress; in the growth of the soul; in the unfolding of its higher powers, its larger faculties. We need to have faith that the years, as they come and go, may give us a deeper experience, may lift us to a larger vision, may enable us to come nearer to God in faith, nearer to man in human sympathy and love.

When we have this sense of spiritual progress, we can bear outward disappointments more easily, sure that pain and sorrow may work for our highest good.

But suppose we have no such sense of spiritual progress; that we do not seem to be growing wiser or better as the years pass by; that we even often find ourselves, in some respects, worse than we were; that our conscience is not as sensitive, our purpose to do right not as fixed, our aim not as high. This is the most discouraging fact of all.

I suppose that this is the very time when faith in Christ comes to our help. When we find nothing in ourselves on which to

lean, Christ teaches us to lean more entirely on the pardoning grace of God and God's spiritual help. We have this treasure of goodness in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. When we are weak, then we are strong. So it was that the apostle felt when he said, "We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The meaning of the gospel of Jesus is this: that he does not come as a physician to those who are whole, but to those who are sick. He comes to the poor in spirit; to the spiritually poor; to those who find little in themselves in which to trust. He speaks to these of the infinite Fatherly love, of the perfect providence, of Him whose will it is that no one of his little ones should perish; he comes to say to him who is discouraged, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee"; to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and open the eyes of the blind that they may see the Comforter, the Holy Spirit.

Jesus comes to us all to say: "Do not be discouraged. Never be discouraged." Though evil may abound, and the love of many grow cold, though we see no way out of surrounding difficulties, though even our brethren discourage our heart by their gloomy forebodings, and abandon the good cause, leaving us alone, still, let us never be discouraged. The Lord reigns. Chance does not reign. Fate does not reign. Bad men do not reign. He reigns who forever educes lasting good out of transient evil. It is this perfect trust in a divine Providence that gives us new power, and prevents us from being discouraged. "Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."

Do not be discouraged about public affairs. In this country we have the least reason to fear; for experience here shows us that, in the long run, things come right. Courage can here overcome the worst dangers. How many crises has this nation passed through, and came out of them all safely. Our brethren may sometimes discourage our heart by taking what seems to us the wrong way. But the second sober thought of the nation brings things right again. As long as speech is open, thought free, the press unshackled, truth is sure to be mighty and to prevail.

Do not be discouraged because there seems so much to be done. If there is a great deal given us to do, there is plenty of time given us wherein to do it. How often people say, in looking back on their past trials: "If I had known beforehand what I have had to bear, I should have despaired. I could not have borne it." No. And, therefore, we do not know beforehand. Happy for us that we do not. With each new trial comes new strength; and we are gently lifted over our struggles and sorrows by an everpresent Providence of wisdom and love.

Do not be discouraged in doing good. It may often seem as if you accomplished very little, as if, with all your efforts, you cannot effectually help those whom you wish to serve. When you lift them up, they fall again. You may even sometimes find that your very help seems to do them harm. They relax their own efforts and lean on you. Then comes the danger of thinking that all effort is useless, that to endeavor to aid the inefficient is always to discourage the laborious, and that the stern laws of retribution should be left to work out their own remedy.

But I believe we have, not merely to help ourselves, but to help each other. We may often make mistakes. We may sometimes do harm. But the greatest mistake of all would be to stand aloof from human sorrow. It was no mistake when Jesus came to seek and save those who were lost, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to bring comfort to the forlorn. It was no mistake when he said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Best of all blessings is that human love, that generous sympathy which puts itself in the place of the sufferer, and gives him the comfort of knowing that he is not alone in the world, not forgotten by his fellow-men. The good of this is never lost.

And let us not be discouraged by the amount of suffering, sin, and crime which we see around us. Always remember that these evils come to the surface, while the good is hidden. Self-indulgence parades itself before our eyes, while self-denial does not appear unto men to fast. Hypocrisy prays at the corner of the streets, while piety goes into its closet. Dishonesty plunders, and is exposed, and all men hear of it. But honesty sounds no trumpet when it is faithful in the least things and in the greatest. The demagogue parades himself before our eyes, but the patriot does his work silently. If the vast majority of men did not tell the truth, keep their promises, hold fast to honesty, society would dissolve and become a heap of sand. Be not discouraged, then, because you see

and hear so much of what is evil in the world, but be sure that the good is much more widespread and more powerful.

Thus we see that we cannot live without courage, and that courage comes to us from faith in things unseen and eternal. Courage comes to us from faith in an infinite Providence guiding all things aright, and making all things work together for good. Courage comes from knowing that when we stand by what is true and right, all the great powers of the universe are working with us. When we feel our own weakness, courage comes to us by remembering that God cares for our soul, and wishes to save us from our sins. Courage comes to us when we remember that evil is transient and good permanent, that error is fleeting and that truth is eternal, that God is on the side of all things just, honest, pure, and noble.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Never let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

If you would have sunlight in your home, see that you have work in it. Nothing makes moroseness and heavy-heartedness so fast as idleness. Every day there is the light of something conquered in the eyes of those who work. In such a house, if there be also the good temper of love, sunshine never ceases; for in it the great law of humanity is obeyed,—a law which is also God's law. For what said Christ,—*My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would'st reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

What we need in adversity is an idea as part of our being, intertwined with our feeling, that God is just as much revealed in trials as in blessings; that His goodness is shown in putting our moral fibre to hard tasks that will make it athletic and so make us permanently nobler; as the teacher's friendship is shown in putting the scholar to a tough lesson that makes the mind sinewy and wise. With that principle as part of our spiritual constitution, we triumph over adversities because the soul lives with God.—*Thomas Starr King.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers: "Twice-told Tales," "Biographical Stories," and "The Custom House and Main Street," Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Robert Browning; "Essay on Milton," T. B. Macaulay; and "The Vision of Sir Launfal," James Russell Lowell.

REQUESTS.

1. I am writing *The Cheerful Letter* to see if some one can send me the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Woman's World*, the *Pictorial Review*, *Needlecraft*, or any magazine on fancy work crochet patterns, and any magazine or book would be highly appreciated, as I live fifteen miles from town. I am the mother of three little girls. Mrs. G. H. Bright, Oklahoma, Roosevelt, R. F. D. 3.

2. I should like to receive letters and post-cards. I am a poor girl, and lonely. Alice Martin, Sanville, Virginia, Box 53.

3. I am very poor and should appreciate any good reading. Any book that has been used will be appreciated just the same. I have five children, two girls and three boys, aged from one to eleven years. One of my friends lent me one of your magazines and I enjoyed reading it. I should be glad if some friend would send me one of the magazines when they get through reading it. I should like to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* readers. Mrs. Florence M. Little, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 263.

4. I would thank some one for a few quilt pieces. Also should like a few good reading books and magazines. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, R. D. 1.

5. I should like to have a large print Bible, as I can't see to read fine print. I shall be fifty-one years old June 28th and should like to be remembered on my birthday. W. A. Foley, Dodson, Virginia.

6. I am a little boy twelve years old. I should be so glad of any kind of books or magazines any of the Cheerful Letter friends care to send me. I cut my leg about a month ago and it hasn't got well yet, and I get lonesome at home. Dewey Foley, care of W. A. Foley, Dodson, Virginia.

7. Mrs. D. P. Morrell, North Berwick, Maine (whose name was sent in by Rev. Augustus Lord, Providence, Rhode Island), would like schoolbooks suitable for a deaf and dumb person, especially a book with the "sign" language for words.

8. I wish to thank those who have sent me reading in the past. I should like to write to each one and thank them, but some of the magazines had no names. I hope they will still remember me in the future with some good reading suitable for myself and children aged from three to eleven years. Will some one please send me a cook-book? I should like to hear from some of the mothers. Quilt pieces of all kinds would be accepted gladly. Mrs. S. B. Hamner, Knoll, Amherst County, Virginia.

9. It has been some time since I wrote you and I feel encouraged to write again. I wish to thank those that have remembered me. I have received only reading matter. I should like for some one to send me a New Testament and scraps for patchwork. I am thirty-two years old; been married nine years, and have no children and get very lonely. My husband has heart trouble, and I am not very strong; but we manage along with our chickens and eggs. We live in the country eight miles to the nearest railroad and have to cross the Tennessee River. Mrs. Bertha Coffman, Store Route, Dayton, Tennessee.

10. I should be glad to get some more magazines; or, just any good reading would be appreciated. I should be grateful and pleased to get some patchwork scraps. I should be glad to correspond with some of the friends if they think they would like to correspond with a hard-working country woman. I have planted part of my garden, but it isn't coming up and growing to do any good at all. I had a nice garden last year, and it sure was a help, too. I will close now; but I truly hope you friends won't forget a family in Tennessee. Mrs. G. A. Bonner, Big Spring, Tennessee, R. F. D. 2.

11. I should like to receive the *Delineator*, *Needlecraft*, *Modern Priscilla*, and *Current Events*. Miss Mary L. Trevey, Snowden, Virginia. Winifred Trevey would like cards on her birthday, April 11th. Mrs. S. W. White (the same address) wishes to thank those who sent cards for her mother's ninety-seventh birthday,—over one hundred cards, which cheered "mother" greatly.

12. Miss Ellen Hanson, Pleasant View, Virginia, will be grateful for good stories.

13. Mrs. Sallie Boyd and Miss Dora Boyd, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4, Box 6, will both be glad of reading. Mrs. Boyd is a widow, very lonely, and crippled from a serious accident last October. Dora is sixteen; fond of crocheting and knitting.

14. I am a complete "shut-in"; haven't walked any since 1907; got hurt working and it caused paralysis; can use my hands part of the time. I enjoy reading so much; it helps to draw my mind off of my afflictions to a great extent. I haven't any way of earning more than a very little, and am living with my mother and father, and am largely dependent on others for my support, so I haven't any money to spend for books. Moses T. Hall, Dodson, Virginia.

15. I am an old lady, an invalid, and a great sufferer from rheumatism and a

leaking heart. I live in the country and am confined at home all the time. I should appreciate some religious books to read of a Sunday, as I have not had the pleasure of attending church and Sunday-school for almost two years; and I get so hungry to learn some religious lesson. I also will be so glad of scraps, as I earn a part of our support by making and selling quilt tops. I have no children, therefore have no one to look to but my aged husband. Mrs. G. F. Blanton, Wallace, North Carolina, R. D. 1.

16. I am an invalid and a shut-in, and should like to be remembered by the Cheerful Letter friends with tokens of cheer to help pass away the hours. I should be very glad of scraps of linen, thread scraps, or anything you care to send me, as I can't read very well and I like to crochet and do fancy work. Miss Carrie Duggins, Madison, North Carolina, Route 3.

17. I am a poor girl living in the country and haven't had very much health since I had the "flu," and I often get lonesome. I should appreciate good books and magazines. Miss Claudia Duggins, Madison, North Carolina, Route 3.

18. I should be more than pleased to receive some of your good books and magazines; should appreciate one of your Bibles, as I have no Bible. I live in the country. My mama died when I was nine years old, and now I am twenty-one the fifth of this month. My papa is quite old; will be seventy years old in May. I belong to the Baptist church. I go to Sunday-school most every Sunday. My little sister would like to have one of your crochet books, as she likes to crochet. Miss Amanda Rockholt, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 1.

19. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter friends for all literature sent me. Some one whose address I failed to get sent me the *Country Gentleman* direct for two years, and I have enjoyed it greatly. I come asking the friends to send me a few more magazines; and I should be glad to have some letters or anything to cheer me, as I have just had a nervous breakdown and it seems that I can't "get my grip" or interest in life again. I am so lonely and I am unable to do any work to pass the time off. Shall be so glad of anything you can send to make my life more pleasant. Mrs. Bessie McFarland, Manchester, North Carolina.

20. I have changed my address from Buena Vista, Virginia, to Amherst, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, Box 73, and should love to get my dear little *Cheerful Letter* at my new address, it has been such a help and comfort to me and my family. I have not got it this month. We have had a great misfortune since we moved. I fell and broke my ankle and my daughter has had pneumonia; and we did not have any help at home except the boys and my husband to keep house and cook, and I have had indigestion so bad I could not eat anything,—even the water I drank did not agree with me. We tried to move, and shipped our household things; some of them we have never got; our clothes are sidetracked somewhere now. All this has thrown my husband back with his work, and the way is very hard and rugged and dark. We can't see our way out. We ask the cheer and comfort of our dear Cheerful Letter friends in the name of Him who doeth all things well. Anything to cheer or help will be gratefully received; and I also thank all that have cheered and helped in the past. Mrs. H. C. Phillips, Amherst, Virginia.

21. I am a widow of sixty-nine summers. I have only one child at home with me, a boy seventeen years of age. I should be proud of reading matter suitable for him, and I should be thankful for some scraps for myself. As my son is away from home so much, they would be company for me. Mrs. Lou T. Ward, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4.

22. Please send me reading matter for my boys aged fifteen and six years. I have an afflicted husband and should appreciate anything sent. Mrs. A. G. Williams, Floyd, Virginia, R. D. 4, Box 42.

23. It has been a long time since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*. I want to thank all who have remembered me, and I hope one and all will think of me now, as my husband has been down a long time with something like a cancer, and I have a hard struggle, as everything is so high and we are poor people, have no home of our own and our pleasures are very few. I have two small children, a boy and girl. Pieces of gingham and calico will make my little girl happy to make into quilt squares. I hope to see my letter in print. Mrs. Ollie Chaney, Critz, Virginia, Route 1.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CLUBS FOR COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS

In a recent number of the *Red Cross Magazine*, Howard Grubaker gives some interesting accounts of work done in different parts of the United States by groups of boys and girls in country districts. These activities are parts of a great general movement for the equal training of the head, the heart, the hands and the health. It is a permanent, nation-wide system with headquarters at Washington, and with state, county, and local leaders, co-operating with state agricultural colleges. It organizes the young people into producing clubs, sends them literature and speakers, encourages them with prizes.

"Back of it all is the 'gang' spirit,—the instinct of youngsters to flock together for mutual profit and protection. The gang spirit, which, if undirected, is too often of a predatory nature, is here utilized to a good purpose. In these clubs young folk have a royal good time and apply their energies to enterprises that are thoroughly worth while. In one district in a certain State a county agent started to organize a boys' club in a very backward district where the boys were particularly rough and unruly; and that club proved to be the best thing that could have happened to the community. A year later the dirty and battle-scarred schoolroom was bright and clean with new paint; the boys and girls were spick-and-span. The gang was raising corn instead of Cain!"

If any one were inclined to fancy that a new interest of this sort interferes with ordinary school work, figures are available to show just the opposite result. In a certain county in Texas, for example, records were kept for four years, showing the comparative standing of school-children who were also doing "club" work and children who did only the usual school work. The club members made a school record more than eleven per cent. better than the others. Not a single club member was expelled from school. Club members did seven per cent. better than the others in their attendance at Sunday-school and five per cent. better than the others in attendance at church!

The report from one particular club centre described in the magazine article says: "The school has been a different place ever since. Instruction is given in both agriculture and home economics, centred around corn and garden growing,—the study of soil, the selection of seeds, the care of crops, the control of pests and diseases, harvesting, canning, drying, and marketing. There was a continuous arithmetic lesson involved in measuring and planting gardens, in the business of costs and sales and profits; for desk farming is an essential part of the work. Penmanship, reading, and language were all involved in the club work, collecting and reading bulletins, making written reports of club projects, holding meetings and electing officers. The result was that the school work became connected up with real life."

Virginia reports one hundred and fifty-four club boys attending college this year. It is fair to say that a considerable part of them could not otherwise have gone to college at all. One Georgia girl with a flock of chickens and a one-tenth-acre garden has completed payment for her piano and saved the beginning of her own college fund. A Louisiana boy is going to college upon the proceeds of his sale of cotton-seed. In Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, girls are making their college money by raising broom-corn and making brooms.

Last year some sixteen hundred boys in Oklahoma invested in Liberty Bonds to the amount of $13,600, forty-seven hundred boys put savings of $6,963 into War Savings Stamps, and twenty-two thousand of the boys of Oklahoma together *gave* to the Red Cross the splendid sum of $11,000!

Raising pigs and hogs proves to be exceedingly profitable, and perfectly feasible for country boys and girls. In one town in Kentucky the members of a local pig club helped build a church. The members of a vegetable club in Nevada are supporting an Armenian orphan with the proceeds of their own labor. In some parts of the country boys and girls raise sheep, calves, and poultry. A girl out in Washington last season put up over 1,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables. Members of a potato-growing club in Maine have made a magnificent record in their own specialty. A Massachusetts boy of Italian birth became interested in a school garden and took a prize for its results; that encouraged him to build up a nursery business and carry it on while he is still in school, preparing to enter an agricultural college. He gives the club work credit for his own success, and tries to help other boys to get a start in the same line.

The government centre from which information about all this sort of thing can be secured is in our capital city. Anybody can learn more about it by writing to Dr. A. C. True, States Relations Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
As if crying *Beware*,
Always looking what I'm about;
I hate to be watched. I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, . . . and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed. She was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge;
I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim."

He blew, and he blew . . . and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To send her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer-glimmer-glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, . . . and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain that Moon was gone.

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
And in town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar:
When, . . . there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage; he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For ever the Moon-scrap broader grew,
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death,—
First blew her away right out of the sky,
And then blew her in! What a strength am I!"

But the Moon knew naught of the silly affair;
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare!

—*George Macdonald.*

HOW FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE BEGAN HER GREAT WORK.

We know what service, both wise and heroic, was given during the last great war by women who had been trained as nurses. In this generation we can hardly imagine the possibility of getting along in war-time without such help. Yet it is less than one hundred years since women nurses were first allowed to take charge of the sick and wounded in any "war zone"; previous to that time the attendance that wounded men received was very little in amount, most often given clumsily by well-meaning men and boys, without real understanding of what ought to be done or how to do it.

It was the famous Englishwoman, Flor-

ence Nightingale, who began the practice of establishing trained women in charge of the wards of military hospitals. She was born one hundred years ago, in May, 1820, the daughter of prosperous, refined parents, and might easily have spent her life in luxurious uselessness. Her choice of an actively helpful life, and of nursing as a profession, laid the foundation for the work of the noble nurses of our own time, whom we are so glad to honor.

A published biography of Florence Nightingale tells this story of the little girl,—years before she had any idea what was to be her life-work :—

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale had only two children,—Frances, afterward Lady Verney, and Florence, about a year younger.

When quite a child, Florence showed characteristics which pointed to her vocation in life. Her dolls were always in a delicate state of health, and required the utmost care. Florence would undress and put them to bed with many cautions to her sister not to disturb them. She soothed their pillows, tempted them with imaginary delicacies from toy cups and plates, and nursed them to convalescence only to consign them to a sick bed the next day. Happily, Frances did not exhibit the same consideration for her waxen favorites, who frequently suffered the loss of a limb or got burnt at the nursery fire. Then, of course, Florence's superior skill was needed, and she neatly bandaged poor dolly and "set" her arms and legs with a facility which might be the envy of the modern miraculous bone-setter.

The first "real live patient" of the future Queen of Nurses was Cap, the dog of an old Scotch shepherd. One day Florence was having a delightful ride over the Hampshire downs near Embley along with the vicar, for whom she had a warm affection. He took great interest in the little girl's fondness for anything which had to do with the relief of the sick or injured, and, as his own tastes lay in that direction, he was able to give her much useful instruction. However, on this particular day, as they rode along the downs, they noticed the sheep scattered in all directions, and old Roger, the shepherd, vainly trying to collect them together.

"Where is your dog?" asked the vicar, as he drew up his horse and watched the old man's futile efforts.

"The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir," was the reply, "and they have broken his leg, poor beast! He will never be any good for anything again, and I am thinking of putting an end to his misery."

"Poor Cap's leg broken?" said a girlish voice at the clergyman's side. "Oh, cannot we do something for him, Roger? It is cruel to leave him alone in his pain. Where is he?"

"You can't do any good, Missy," said the old shepherd, sorrowfully. "I'll just take a cord to him to-night—that will be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder."

"Oh, can't we do something for poor Cap?" pleaded Florence to her friend; and the vicar, seeing the look of pity in her young face, turned his horse's head towards the distant shed where the dog lay. But Florence put her pony to the gallop and reached the shed first. Kneeling down on the mud floor, she caressed the suffering dog with her little hand, and spoke soothing words to it until the faithful brown eyes seemed to have less of pain in them and were lifted to her face in pathetic gratitude.

That look of the shepherd's dog, which touched her girlish heart on the lonely hillside, Florence Nightingale was destined to see repeated in the eyes of suffering men as she bent over them in the hospital at Scutari.

The vicar soon joined his young companion, and, finding that the dog's leg was only injured, not broken, he decided that a little careful nursing would put him all right again.

"What shall I do first?" asked Florence, all eagerness to begin nursing in real earnest.

"Well," said her friend, "I should advise a hot compress on Cap's leg."

Florence looked puzzled; for, though she had poulticed and bandaged her dolls, she had never heard about a compress. However, finding that in plain language it meant cloths wrung out of boiling water, and laid upon the affected part, she set nimbly to work under the vicar's directions. Boiling water was the first requisite, and, calling in the services of the shepherd's boy, she lighted a fire of sticks in the cottage near by, and soon had the kettle boiling.

Next thing, she looked round for cloths to make the compress. The shepherd's clean smock hung behind the door, and Florence seized it with delight, for it was the very thing.

"If I tear it up, mamma will give Roger another," she reasoned, and, at an approv-

ing nod from the vicar, tore the smock into suitable lengths for fomentation. Then, going back to the place where the dog lay, accompanied by the boy carrying the kettle and a basin, Florence Nightingale set to work to give "first aid to the wounded." Cap offered no resistance,—he had a wise confidence in his nurse,—and, as she applied the fomentations, the swelling began to go down and the pain grew less.

Florence was resolved to do her work thoroughly; and, a messenger having been despatched to allay her parents' anxiety at her prolonged absence, she remained for several hours in attendance on her patient.

In the evening old Roger came slowly and sorrowfully towards the shed, carrying the fatal rope; but no sooner did he put his head in at the door than Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure and tried to come towards him.

"Deary me, Missy," said the old shepherd in astonishment, "why, you have been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, doesn't he look better?" said the youthful nurse, with pardonable pride. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me to make compresses."

"That I will, Missy," said Roger, and, stooping down beside Florence and Cap, he was initiated into the mysteries.

"Yes," said the vicar, "Miss Florence is quite right, Roger. Your dog will soon be able to walk again if you give it a little rest and care."

"I am sure I can't thank your reverence and the young lady enough," replied the shepherd, quite overcome at the sight of his faithful dog's look of content and the thought that he would not lose him after all; "and you may be sure, sir, I will carry out the instructions."

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," interposed Florence, who had no idea of giving up her patient yet. "I know mamma will let me when I tell her about poor Cap." After a parting caress to the dog and many last injunctions to Roger, Florence mounted her pony and rode away with the vicar, her young heart very full of joy. She had really helped to lessen pain, if only for a dumb creature; and the grateful eyes of the suffering dog stirred a new feeling in her opening mind. She longed to be always doing something for somebody, and the poor people on her father's estates soon learned what a kind friend they had in Miss Florence. They grew also to have unbounded faith in her skill, and, whenever a pet animal was sick or injured, the owner would contrive to let "Miss Florence" know.—*"Life of Florence Nightingale," Sarah A. Tooley.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

MAGAZINE GAME.

1. Veracity.
2. One who sketches.
3. A noted fairy.
4. A large body of water.
5. A sailor's hoodoo.

—*Selected.*

II.

TIME FLOWERS.

1. An amiable man.
2. Comes with early dawn.
3. A flower between mountains.
4. A farewell sentiment.
5. A dude and an animal.
6. A part of the day.
7. The result of Cupid's arrows.
8. What it takes to make a kiss.
9. A yellow stick.
10. A dairy product and a drinking utensil.
11. Among the "400."
12. What Cinderella wore.
13. A wild animal and an article of apparel.
14. A bird and a riding accessory.

—*Boston Herald.*

III.

CROSS PUZZLES.

_ _ _ _ _ X
_ _ _ _ _ X
_ _ _ X _
_ _ _ X _
_ _ X _ _
_ _ X _ _
_ X _ _ _
_ X _ _ _
X _ _ _ _
X _ _ _ _

The letters indicated by the crosses spell the name of a woman who is famous in American history. *Cross-words:* (italics) a morsel; twenty; to lessen; a random cut; a quantity of thread; a purchaser; a place for games; a flower; a product of tobacco; a tangle.

—*Youth's Companion.*

IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Ireland, but not in England.
In south, but not in north.
In London, but not in Paris.
In ice, but not in water.
In Scotland, but not in France.
In fox, but not in bee.
In fort, but not in battle.
In school, but not in church.
In house, but not in barn.
In oar, but not in vessel.
In peace, but not in gun.
In Lorraine, but not in Massachusetts.
In Boston, but not in Maine.
My *whole* is a place well known to Unitarians.

V.

THE NEW HOUSE.

(1) What part of the house is one-third fir, one-fifth spruce, and three-fifths maple? (2) What part is one-third fir, one-seventh hemlock, one-third oak, one-seventh hickory, and one-fifth spruce? (3) What part is one-seventh cypress, one-third bamboo, and one-third fir? (4) What part is one-sixth walnut, one-half pine, and three-sevenths dogwood? (5) What part is one-third ash, one-fourth teak, one-eighth chestnut, one-fifth birch, and one-fifth cedar?

—*Exchange.*

VI.

WITH "US" AWAY.

1. A celebrated character in German fiction would be corpulent.

2. The genius of poetry would be simply myself.

3. Our dwelling would become a mere garden tool.

4. Custom or habit becomes oldness.

5. One who escorts people to seats becomes a woman.

6. To wake or stir up becomes fish eggs.

—*The Myrtle and Beacon.*

Answers to puzzles in the April number.

I. TWISTED POETS.—1. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 3. John Greenleaf Whittier. 4. James Whitcomb Riley. 5. John Milton. 6. John Boyle O'Reilly. 7. Charles Dickens. 8. Alfred Tennyson. 9. Will Carleton. 10. William Shakespeare.

II. TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Misanthrope. 2. Revolution. 3. Penitentiary. 4. Ostentation.

III. CHESS-BOARD PUZZLE.—Window, door, wall, cellar, attic, closet, floor.

IV. CHARADE.—Horse-man-ship.

V. CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because the English have command of the C's (seas). 2. One has claws at the end of the paws, and the other is a pause at the end of a clause. 3. Cabinet makers.

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

I. ENIGMA.—All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players.

II. MAGAZINE GAME.—1. *Century.* 2. *St. Nicholas.* 3. *Harper.* 4. *Forum.* 5. *Puritan.*

III. SHAKESPEAREAN NIGHTMARE.—Caliban, The Tempest. Shallow, Merry Wives of Windsor. Elbow, Measure for Measure. Puck, Midsummer Night's Dream. Shylock, Merchant of Venice. Touchstone, As You Like It. Priam, Troilus and Cressida. Junius Brutus, Coriolanus. Mercutio, Romeo and Juliet. Cassius, Julius Cæsar. Banquo, Macbeth. Bernardo, Hamlet. Iago, Othello. Philo, Anthony and Cleopatra. Cloten, Cymbeline.

IV. LOGOGRIPH.—Slate, late, ate, tea.

V. PIED WORDS.—1. Quassia. 2. President.

Be diligent, after thy power, to do deeds of love. Think nothing too little, nothing too lowly, to do lovingly for the sake of God. Bear with infirmities, ungentle tempers, contradictions; forego thyself and thine own ways for love, and He whom in them thou lovest, to whom in them thou ministerest, will own thy love, and will pour His own love into thee.—*E. B. Pusey.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

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Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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